

Protect Our Good Name

GOODYEAR

Visitors to the Goodyear factories are always impressed with a framed sign which confronts them at every turn.

In every room in every Goodyear building they encounter the same message: *Protect our good name.*

It hangs on the walls of all the Goodyear branches throughout the country, and is being adopted by tire dealers everywhere as an expression of the spirit in which their business is conducted.

We believe that the public will be interested in the analysis of this simple but striking sentiment which is published herewith.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio

W. A. Goodyear
President

STRIPPED to the waist, his huge torso streaming with sweat, a workman swings the heavy iron core to an iron table, and wrenches off a tire which has just come steaming from the heater.

His eye falls on the legend over his head, and he smiles.

Our good name is also his good name.

The two are intertwined.

He will protect the one, while he subserves the other.

His thoughts are—as they should be—chiefly of himself, of his little home, and of his family.

Their good name, his good name, our good name—his good work will stand guard over them all.

Two thousand miles away—in Seattle, we will say—the same thought, in the same simple words.

An irritating moment has arrived—the temptation to speak sharply to a customer, to fling a slur at unworthy competition.

The salesman, or the manager, or whosoever it may be, looks up, and the quiet admonition meets his eye:

Protect our good name.

In a twinkling it smooths the wrinkles out of his point of view.

He is himself again—a man with a responsibility which he could not escape if he would; and would not, if he could.

Back two thousand miles

again to the factories—this time to the experimental room.

An alluring chance to save—to make more profit by skimping, by substitution. No one will ever know. But—the silent monitor repeats its impressive admonition:

Protect our good name.

What chance to compromise with conscience in the presence of that vigilant guardian?

Thousands of men striving to keep a name clean.

And keeping their own names clean in the process.

We Americans, it is said, make a god out of business.

Let the slur stand.

Whether it be true or not—it is true that business is our very life.

Shall it be a reproach to us that we try to make business as good as business can be made?

Think of this business, please, in the light of its great animating thought:

Protect our good name.

We are thinking of you, always, when we say it—you American millions, and you other millions in the Old World.

We think of you judging us, judging us—by what we are, by what we do, by what we make.

We think of tens of thousands of homes in which our name can be made to stand for that which is worthy and worth while.

We must not lose your good will—we must not tarnish our good name.

You can call that anything you like.

You can call it business, or sentiment, or idealism, or nonsense.

It may be all of these.

It may even be that which our national critics call making a god of business.

But at least it gives to us a motive that is bigger and broader and deeper than money.

It makes thousands of men happier in their work and more faithful to it.

It has made of this business a democracy of united thought—a democracy of common endeavor—a democracy of purpose and principle.

And here is the oddest thing of all:

The more we live up to this "impractical" ideal, the greater the business grows.

The more we labor for the future, the more we profit in the present.

The more we strive for character, the greater the reward in money.

The more we put into our product, the more we take out in sales.

Perhaps, after all, there is more than one sense in which it is good to make a god out of business.

We think so.

And we think you think so.

For a number of years The Saturday Evening Post has exercised a strict censorship over all advertising admitted to its columns.

The sincerity of its purpose in this respect is universally admitted.

It has established in this country a very high standard of advertising honesty.

The Saturday Evening Post accepts no advertising that does not measure up to this standard in spirit and in statement of fact.

It has refused to accept hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of advertising which contained misstatements, or which it considered unfair or destructive.

For the past ten years the advertising announcements of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company have appeared regularly in the pages of The Saturday Evening Post.